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THE PIONEER

On the Eastern Slope of the

Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California

The Oldest and Leading Paper in

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AT THE

LOWEST RATES.

CHINESE AT SCHOOL.

Work of the Missions on the Pacific Coast.

John's Instinct for Material Gain Renders Him an Adept Scholar, But He is Deplorably Deficient in Reasoning Power.

The Chinese whom we see in this country as immigrants are, almost to a man, from the province of Canton, and the Cantonese are at once the most enterprising, the bravest and the "toughest" subjects of the Emperor. From their ranks are drawn the cleverest merchants in all parts of China, the most daring navigators, the finest soldiers and the most efficient police. They push out into other countries, says a writer in Kate Field's Washington, when they can no longer endure the overpopulation, poverty and squalor at home. Possibly one in twenty can read and write in a very limited way. The rest have neither the time nor the opportunity to learn.

There are no public schools in China, and life there is so wholly a struggle for the barest needs of existence that the means would be lacking to attend them if there were. Where a family of from four to six persons jointly earn and are expected to house, clothe and feed themselves on four dollars a month; where the common people's food consists of poor rice at a cent and a half a pound, now and then a vegetable which they are able to raise themselves, and perhaps once a week a little fish; where they must work in freezing weather out of doors clad in cotton garments; from such a region any escape is welcome, any refuge is Heaven as compared with it. The Cantonese knows nothing as danger, privation or hardship after what he has left behind him at home. Fighting comes as natural to him as freezing or starving. It is only one of the incidents, after all, of an existence whose highest aim was the procuring of means to sustain itself, and whose boundaries were drawn by the hand of an inexorable fate.

What I have said here will account for the slow progress which seems to be made by the various charitable agencies established by the white people for the benefit of the Chinese. Four religious societies, for instance, have opened mission schools for them in the city of Portland. These institutions are all doing earnest work, but only one has secured the services of an American instructor who can talk to his pupils in the Chinese language; the rest have white persons at their head, with Chinese interpreters, preachers and teachers. The exception is the Presbyterian school, presided over by Rev. William S. Holt, who lived ten years in China and became an expert in speaking and writing the language of the country, and more especially the dialect of the Cantonese. His work may be taken, if local opinion is to be trusted, as about the best gauge of the success of such efforts. During the four years he has been here he has had some two hundred pupils. Of these only about a dozen have shown a desire to carry their education any distance past the rudimentary stage. This is not because the rest are lazy or stupid, for they are the very reverse. The pupils are mostly household servants and clerks in stores. They make no matter of coming to school in the evening after a hard day's work and spending two or three hours at their books, and the Chinaman has yet to be found who can not learn his English alphabet in one day and be ready the next to read words of a single syllable.

The whole trouble is that they are apathetic about every thing beyond what they see is going to bring them in some immediate profit, or make their work-a-day lives a trifle easier. They can find a wider market for their labor and command better wages if they can speak, read and write English, therefore they seek such knowledge. The idea of learning for learning's own sake, of getting an education for the fund of internal resources and refined enjoyment it will bring with it, is furthest from their minds. For centuries their ancestors have had no higher ambition than the satisfaction of the bodily wants of the day and the provision of a hole to crawl into at night. What can be expected of the effect of such sordid influences upon the thought and character of the present generation?

Impelled by the instinct of material gain, the Chinaman seeks the school and begins his studies. His progress is phenomenally rapid up to the point where mere memorizing ceases and the exercise of the reasoning faculty begins. Here he makes his first stumbles. Not that he does not get along, for his shrewdness at devising expedients is marvelous. He will surmount difficulties in his own fashion most cleverly if they lie directly in the path he has fixed his resolve to travel. In by far the largest number of cases, where they lie outside of that straight line, he has no desire to carry his research further.

Pacific Island Cannibals.

A recent writer in the Asiatic Quarterly Review says that so far as actually known none of the Pacific Islanders were man-eaters from morbid appetite, as is proved by the fact that among such of them as were cannibals it was only upon certain occasions that they exhibited this propensity; none was slain among them for food alone. The bodies of enemies killed in war, or victims sacrificed to idols, furnished the feast, of which only certain of the initiated, as warriors and priests, were allowed to partake.

CAR-LOADS OF COIN.

Twenty-Seven Freight Cars Filled With Silver.

That is the Amount There Would Be Were Ten Million Dollars in Half-Dollars, Quarters and Dimes to Be Transported by Rail.

"How many wagon loads of silver would those New York bankers get if they sell the Treasury ten million dollars' worth of bonds and take their pay in subsidiary silver coin, as they are reported likely to do?" said the Washington Times-Union, to an official of the mint bureau.

"Wagon loads, young man? You don't propose to measure ten million dollars' worth of silver by wagon loads, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Because there is too much of it. A wagon load would not figure in calculating the weight of ten million dollars' worth of silver."

"How much would a million dollars' worth of silver weigh?"

"Only twenty-seven tons," was the smiling reply. "If it was in silver dollars it would weigh thirty tons, but in subsidiary silver coin it would weigh twenty-seven tons and a little over—twenty-seven and a half tons in round numbers."

"How does it come that subsidiary coin weighs less to the dollar than the silver dollars?"

"The subsidiary silver coin used to be exactly equal to the dollar. That is to say, two fifty-cent pieces or four quarters, originally weighed the same as one silver dollar, but, away back in the fifties, a slight change was made in the weight of the dollar, and of the subsidiary coin also, and when the dollar was changed back to its present standard the subsidiary coin was not changed."

"Then according to your figures it would require something more than a horse and cart to transport the \$10,000,000 of half dollars, quarters and dimes to New York in case the New York bankers come down with their \$10,000,000 of bonds and take small change in pay for them as they are reported likely to do?"

"Well, slightly. The \$10,000,000 of silver would weigh 275 tons, which means, of course, 27 car-loads. A pretty good freight train that would be with 27 cars loaded with silver."

"And suppose it were in dollars?"

"Then the \$10,000,000 would weigh 300 tons instead of 275, and would add two or three more cars to the train."

"Suppose the \$10,000,000 were in gold instead of silver, what would it weigh then?"

"About 27,000 pounds, or, in a general way, it would make two car-loads. One million dollars in gold coin weighs 3,000 pounds, while in silver dollars, as I have said, it weighs thirty tons."

"Suppose they were to take their ten millions in nickels, how much would it weigh then?"

"Well, \$1,000 in nickels weighs 200 pounds. At that rate \$1,000,000 would weigh 200,000 pounds, so that by a brief calculation you will find that to transport \$10,000,000 in nickels would take a train of cars numbering considerably over 100, or, in other words, a train about a half a mile long."

"And to follow this interesting question to its last step, what is the weight of \$1,000 or \$1,000,000 in pennies?"

"The weight of \$1,000 in pennies is 685 pounds, and \$1,000,000, of course, would be 685,000 pounds. To transport \$10,000,000 in pennies would require about 350 cars, or make a train a couple of miles long."

Just below the windows of the mint bureau is a large asphalted surface, looking like a section of Pennsylvania avenue, which has bobbed up in the area inside of the Treasury building. It is the upper surface of the covering of the huge vault built a few years ago for the deposit of silver dollars and other coin held by the Treasury Department. This vault, with the others belonging to the Treasurer's office, has in it about \$175,000,000 in silver and gold coin, the total weight of which is calculated to be about 4,800 tons, or sufficient to load a train of cars about two and a half miles in length. To carry out this interesting calculation one step farther, it might be added that the Director of the Mint in his recent report calculates the amount of metallic money in the United States at the close of the last fiscal year to have been \$666,000,000 in gold and \$668,000,000 in silver, which, upon the basis of weight indicated in the above conversation, would be 1,300 tons of gold and 18,800 tons of silver. A pretty good load for the American people to carry around in their pockets, which is another evidence that we are a great people.

A Floating Disinfectant.

A patent floating disinfectant, which has recently come into use, appears to possess the three very essential advantages of efficiency, simplicity of application and uniform solution. A mixture of carbolic acid and other disinfectants in a solid form is as prepared that it will float in water. This melts slowly in the water and is always visible and accessible. The uniform rate of solution adapts it especially for use in closets. All that is necessary is to place a block of it in the water cistern supplying the closets. All danger of blocking up the pipes is avoided, as the disinfectant is always on the top of the water.

MYTHOLOGICAL DEITIES.

Rare Statues Representing Two of Them Discovered in India.

The Pioneer of Allahabad reports an archaeological discovery of some importance at Maheswar, in the Bangalore district, says the London Times. Some children, while playing among ruins there, unearthed two beautiful groups of statuary, cut from the hard black basaltic stone found near Gya. Both represent mythological deities, with features of a Græco-Buddhist type. The first is two feet in length by twenty inches in breadth, with a depth of six inches. It represents Vishnu or Brahma, the emblem of the preserving power in nature. The central figure stands on a lotus, and its four hands grasp a club, wheel, lotus and conch. On the head is a tiara three inches in height, which, with the earrings, necklaces, bracelets, waist-chain and sacred thread, are rendered with a wonderful degree of delicacy and finish. To the right and left stand figures of Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth, and Saraswati, who patronizes learning, each ten inches in height. Round the central group are seven minor deities armed with bows and arrows, and riding on horses and elephants. The establishment is surmounted by a head of the Avak, known as Nrisimha. On the base is an inscription said to be in the Landas character, a mixed form of Devanagiri and Tibetan. The second piece of carving is smaller, and the workmanship, though good, is not equal to that of the other group. It is sixteen inches high, twenty inches broad and six inches deep, and represents a Pauranic goddess. The figure is seated on a lotus, and is four-armed. The lower left hand supports a male infant, the corresponding right hand holds a sweetmeat, and the two upper grasp branches of trees. This group also has an inscription in Landas, which, however, has defied elucidation. Both pieces of sculpture are in excellent preservation, the tracery being as clear-cut as if it had just left the artist's hand. History and tradition are alike silent as to the origin of these curious relics; and it will probably remain a puzzle how an inscription in bastard Tibetan should be discovered at so unlikely a spot. The keenest excitement was caused by the discovery among the Hindu population. Apart from the intrinsic value of the carvings, which is considerable, they are objects of worship. During their temporary sojourn at the local police station, they were visited by crowds and smothered with sweet oils and flowers. Various claimants came forward, and, in order to avoid litigation, the district magistrate made them over to the local Hindu religious association. They have been built into the wall at one end of its hall, where they were inspected with interest by Sir Stuart Bayley during his recent visit to Bangalore.

DUEL WITH A DEER.

A Massachusetts Hunter Meets with a Surprise.

It isn't often that a healthy Maine deer gives up one horn, keeps the other, and fights a duel with a hunter, says the Bangor News, but it so happened recently. A gentleman named West, of Lynn, Mass., was hunting in Kingsbury and came out upon Thorn brook, where he paused to rest. All at once he beheld a noble-looking deer stalk out upon the brow of the hill above him. He let drive one barrel and the deer fell. Hastily he scrambled up to examine his prize and found to his grief that he had shot one handsome horn off close to the animal's head. The deer was apparently dead. Half in reverse he fished the horn back upon the deer's head in order to see how the animal would look when intact. To his amazement the deer sprang to his feet and, thoroughly maddened, pitched into his assailant with all the fury of an animal at bay. Mr. West, retaining the disconnected horn in his hand, commenced to belabor the animal, and the battle raged furiously. In the heat of the melee both tumbled plunk into the brook, and this ended the conflict. The deer swam for one bank, while Mr. West clambered out upon the opposite, wet, scared and mad clear through. His clothes were torn, and he received several painful bruises, but hung to the horn. He carried the trophy back to Lynn with him and left a standing offer of fifty dollars for the mate.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

The Mistletoe Made by a Beautiful But Naughty Miss.

A young girl, beautiful in form, feature and dress, sat in a car the other day, says the Boston Herald. Directly opposite sat a poor girl of about the same age, shabbily clothed, with a shambling body, slightly deformed as to the shoulders, and an exceedingly plain face, which bore the lines of suffering and want. Her eager eyes were fixed on the face and figure opposite her with a devouring pathetic look that showed how keenly alive she was to the exceeding beauty of a beautiful body, says the New York Telegram.

The object of the gaze began to grow uneasy under its intensity and fixity, and finally, looking the girl coldly in the face, she leaned partly across the car and said:

"Well, Miss Impertinence, if you have looked at me long enough, will you be kind enough to look somewhere else? I am tired of it."

The poor girl grew first red and then white. A look of keen pain came into her eyes, and then tears, as she turned away and said softly:

"I was only thinking how beautiful you are."



CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

County Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

Mr. Boyd, of the Occidental, Bodie, was here the first of the week.
Harvey Boone, who had been here several days, returned to Bodie on Wednesday.
M. P. Snow came up from Antelope on Thursday and returned this morning.

"Go, and see no more."—The second trial of John P. Lee for the murder of Kain-borts was closed and the case given to the jury about nine o'clock Tuesday evening, eleven working days having been consumed in trying the case, which was ably conducted by District Attorney H. M. Eddy for the people, and W. O. Parker for the defense. Judge Virden presided with dignity and accorded both sides all the rights they were entitled to, and made a good impression, this being his first criminal trial. The first trial of Lee was before Judge Hakes and resulted in a hung jury, two favoring an acquittal, and ten "stubborn men" standing out for a conviction. The jury occupied the Court room all night, and had the Court called at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning, when they returned a verdict of "not guilty." The verdict was a surprise, as it was expected one of "manslaughter" would be returned. Lee was discharged. Mr. Parker, on behalf of his client, thanked the jurors, who were then discharged, with the thanks of the Court. The tale that Kain-borts was a bad man and was in the habit of abusing his wife, who is Lee's mother, whose arm he broke in one of his moods, and had once taken a shot at Lee, whose life he had threatened, brought about this acquittal. It is to be hoped his attorney's advice, which holds this item, will be heeded by the young man, and that he will keep away from the gaming table and refrain from carrying firearms.

THE SALARY QUESTION.—The Assembly has passed to the third reading the bill fixing the salaries in counties of the 35th class, which includes Mono. A private letter from Assemblyman Hunsell gives the following as the new salaries: Sheriff \$2000; Tax Collector \$500; Clerk \$1200; Recorder \$500; Auditor \$200; Assessor \$800; Superintendent of Schools \$200; Treasurer \$600; District Attorney \$600. There is no objection to the above salaries, excepting the District Attorney's and Treasurer's, as they are not too high now. What kind of a lawyer would take the office of District Attorney at \$50 a month? Not the kind to be profitable to the taxpayers of this county. With an incompetent man in that position it would cost this county thousands of dollars for special counsel, as in former years. A good lawyer had better be in a position to take the defense in a criminal trial, than have the position at \$50 a month. The present salary of \$75 is small enough. The salary of the Treasurer should be not less than \$900. The law supposes that he will be in his office from 9 in the morning till 5 in the afternoon, and it is not to be supposed that he will engage in business to interfere with his public duties. He has to give a \$40,000 bond, and who will go on a bond where the law makes it an inducement for an officer to steal. A man had better work on a ranch for \$40 a month and board, with no responsibility. With the salaries as fixed above, but keeping the Treasurer's and District Attorney's as now, the reduction will be \$3,700, with which our people will be satisfied.

RAIN AND SNOW.—After blowing heavily all day Saturday last, it rained hard nearly all that night. On Sunday it snowed off and on, but did not accumulate until late in the afternoon, when a southeast snow storm set in and continued till near midnight, when the wind veered around to the southwest, from which quarter it blew a gale until near daylight. Very little snow fell in town, but in other parts of the county there was a heavier fall, Bodie getting about two feet, Clinton ten inches, Toll Gate, eight inches, and about six inches at Elliott's. As there was a heavy fall of the beautiful in the mountains during the entire storm the farmers and miners need have no fears regarding a supply of water the coming season.

MASQUERADE BALL AT BODIE.—The Bodie Fire Department will give a grand masquerade ball at Miners' Union Hall on Monday evening next, in honor of Washington's Birthday. This will be a party well worth attending, and if the weather is pleasant and the roads are good a number will probably go up from Bridgeport. The object is a good one, and the "boys" should have a good benefit. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and ladies, are only two dollars.

AT HALF-MAST.—The flags of the School House and CHRONICLE-UNION were placed at half-mast on Wednesday and Thursday, in memory of General Sherman and Admiral Porter. On Wednesday morning Mrs. Kister, Principal of our school, had an account of their death and services read to the pupils, and then the school was dismissed for the day.

Sheriff Cody's dog Watch was shot to death this morning by an unknown assassin.

Another storm seems to be brewing.

HANCOCK POST.—Dr. T. A. Kachib, P. O. of Hancock Post No. 157, of Bodie, has issued Special Order No. 1, as follows:

"It becomes the duty of the Post Commander to announce the death of an illustrious Comrade, General W. T. Sherman, Post Post Commander of Hancock Post, Department of Missouri.

As a mark of respect to his memory members of the Post will, when on duty, wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm, and the colors will be draped, for the period of thirty days.

Desiring to show appropriate honor and tribute to his services and memory, this Post will meet at Headquarters on Sunday evening, February 23d, at 7 o'clock P. M., sharp, to proceed to Miners' Union Hall, where Memorial Services will be held, consisting of singing and addresses. "Reminiscences of Gen. Sherman" by Prof. W. F. Cook, and other exercises appropriate to the occasion.

Rev. S. W. Albion and Choir have kindly consented to give the Sacred Concert at the Hall as a part of the program, instead of at the Church. Services at 8 o'clock.

All citizens are cordially invited to be present, and thus pay respect to a truly great man and a brave and noble soldier. Weather and roads permitting, the Bridgeport members of the Post should respond to this Order.

CAPTAIN KELLY'S WILL.—His estate consists of money deposited in banks, \$95,000; 900 shares of Spring Valley Water stock, \$75,000, and real estate, \$15,000. His widow gets \$20,000 and a \$10,000 homestead, to be erected by the Executors. He bequeathed \$25,000 in the Hibernia Bank to his 7-year old son, and 5 year old daughter, to be held in trust by the executors. If either child dies before July 1, 1913, the survivor is to have all. Should both die, the whole goes to his sister in Ireland. He also left the children \$20,000, to go to the widow if they should both die before 1909. Another \$20,000 to the children is to go to his cousin, Superintendent John W. Kelly, of Bodie, if they should die. All the balance is to go to the children on reaching their majority. The executors are allowed to spend \$100 a month for the maintenance of each child until both shall reach their majority. George I. Ives, President of the Bodie Co., and John W. Kelly, Superintendent of the Bodie Co. mines at Bodie, and the widow, are the executors.

OFFICIAL PRESS.—The Boards of Supervisors of the respective counties have appointed the Inyo Index, El Dorado Republican, Marysville, Yuba, Democrat, and Napa Register, official papers, and ordered all county advertising be published in said paper. Last December Attorney-General Johnson, and, in January, Attorney-General Hart rendered opinions that the Board of Supervisors has the power to appoint an official press, and that all advertising, that is a county charge, must be published in the same. The opinion of an Attorney-General—the legal authority for State and County officers stands the best, until otherwise decided by a Court of competent jurisdiction. There being no official press in Los Angeles county, the recent decision of the Superior Court of that county does not effect the status of an official press.

THE FLAG.—There are the flags of the school houses throughout the United States provided with flags. This is the result of the suggestion of General Sherman, that "The American Flag should float over every School House throughout the United States." Governor Markham sent a message to the Legislature, announcing the death of the illustrious hero, and requested the flags be displayed at half-mast for thirty days on the public buildings and school houses.

DELINQUENT TAX SALES.—Tax Collector Cody will commence the sale of delinquent tax property on Wednesday next.

Sheriff Bottsford, of Carson, Nev., has arrested two men—an American and Swede, who answer the description of the murderers of Mrs. Greenwood, of Napa county. One was arrested in Carson, and the other in Virginia City. If they are the men, the people of Napa should hang them as high as Haman.

Governor Markham has signed the Comptroller bill, and Judges are now on a par with the rest of mankind in the matter of newspapers officiating their judicial acts. The passage of this bill is a just rebuke to the insolence of Judge McShafter. Last November he was snowed under by the people of San Francisco.

The late storm was general throughout the State and, with light rains in March and April, will insure good crops.

Sheriff W. E. Hale, of Alameda, has been elected Warden of the San Quentin Prison, vice McComb.

Oregon has adopted the Australian ballot system.

Dentistry.

Alonso Rodriguez, Dentist, of Carson City, Nev., will be in Bridgeport on Monday, February 24, to perform all kinds of dental operations. Will remain one month. Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

MONEY

Bridgeport has a large number of money orders, and is a good place to get them. The Bank of Bridgeport, California, is a good place to get them. The Bank of Bridgeport, California, is a good place to get them.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Remarkable Statement of Personal Danger and Providential Escape.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers, entire.

To the Editor Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat: [Bridg.]—On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. On my day, an exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing, also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared on the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly dissipated by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I had at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 120 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injection. I was living man of pain. My pain was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus, I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover, I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty-six pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive features of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity) but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows some whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy, or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every

one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be suffering such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENSON, M. D.
Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 30.

BARNUM'S ATHLETIC TRAINING.

The Old Showman's Experience in the Bowdoin Ring.

It is not generally known that Barnum has all his life long been an athlete, and that in his younger days he was as skillful a performer on the trapeze as some of the professional acrobats in his employ. When he first went into the circus business, says the Chicago Evening Journal, Barnum satisfied himself that in order to make a success of it he would have to be familiar with every department and all matters pertaining to it. He accordingly went into training, and within a year was able to turn a hand-spring and walk the tight rope with the best of them. On several occasions when his principal performers were taken ill, Barnum disguised himself and did their "turns." Of course, the audience was not aware of this, for Barnum always disliked to be known as a performer. But when he had begun to grow prosperous and it was no longer necessary for him to act Barnum stopped performing in public, though he continued practicing in private. When he built the wonderful Persian palace, Iranistan, in Bridgeport, he had a large room set apart as a gymnasium, where he exercised one or two hours every day. It was fitted up with all the appliances and improvements of a gymnasium, and there Barnum used to swing Indian clubs, practice jumping, tumbling and all the other acrobatic tricks of lone and limb. In all the exercises he was of course attired in tight.

His athletic costume consisted of a white shirt, blue silk trunks, yellow hose and cream slippers, with black tips. Sometimes he varied his appearance by wearing green satin trunks or a buff-colored shirt. He still has these garments preserved in a trunk, which is not open to general inspection. When Iranistan was destroyed by fire Barnum built Waldemere, and there, too, he had a private gymnasium, fitted up like the first, with all the improvements. There he continued his acrobatic exercises in private, and so built up the splendid constitution which has just carried him through almost a fatal illness.

Waldemere gave place in time to his present residence, Marina, which faces the sound, and, although age has stolen upon him, Barnum when in health keeps up his old habits of exercise, though of course in a modified degree. He has a gymnasium connected with his house, and there he still swings clubs occasionally or works the dumb bells. He does not turn hand-springs any more, nor walk the tight rope. He has as well discarded his athletic costume, but he exercises sufficiently to retain his vigor and cheerfulness. There are no trees on his grounds, so he is deprived of Gladstone's favorite pursuit of wood-chopping. The acrobatic side of Barnum's nature has never before been written up. This is because his innate modesty made him hesitate about telling of it to more than a few friends, who were pledged to secrecy, but like every thing else it had to come out, and now it is a secret no longer.

REST FOR THE DUDE.

The Cumberbund—One Has Gone Out of Fashion.

The really high caste London swell has "unraced his stick and cast it out," says the Illustrated American. Swagger Englishmen no longer appear in public with canes of any description. The collection of choice all-weatherproof and natural wood weapons they drew mental sustenance from through so many seasons has suffered a temporary divorce from the fashionable toilet. Urkish manhood is unprotected, and goes empty handed on the promenade save for a glove, possibly, or, in stress of weather, a medium-sized silk umbrella. The collapse of the stick is attributable to the wholesale adoption of imitation costly canes by the London clerk and petty tradesman. "Arry, the haberdasher, green grocer and draper men were contented until recently to carry blackthorns or a light rattan. To this no objection was raised by the aristocrats, and all would have gone well had not a sharp American flooded the market with cheap, flashy copies of swiftdom's own stick. The result was intolerable, and hence the universal renunciation of canes in upper circles.

The above seemingly irrelevant item illustrates the present attitude of the fashionable woman toward the recently inevitable lognetto.

Hard on Book Borrowers.

Those who have collected books, and whose good nature has prompted them to accommodate their friends with them, says the New York World, will feel the sting of the answer which a man of wit made to one who lamented the difficulty which he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes which he had lent them: "Sir," said he, "your acquaintances find, I suppose, that it is much more easy to retain the books themselves than what is contained in them."

An Electric Tree-Feller.

In the forests of Galicia, Europe, an electrical tree-feller has been introduced with success. The saw is actuated by an electric motor, to which the current is conveyed by conducting wires from the nearest generating station. The whole apparatus is mounted on a chariot or cart, which is brought to the foot of the tree and placed in position. When a trunk is cut through far enough on one side the cut is kept open by wedges, and the saw removed to the other side.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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IMPLEMENTS.

INTELLIGENT ANIMALS.

Instances of Reasoning Power in Elephants.

The Careful Manner in Which They Guard Children in Their Native Country—A Peculiar Trait of the Mammoth Brute.

"Every one knows that the elephant can be trained to do all kinds of work," says Thomas W. Knox in his volume entitled "Horse Stories and Stories of Other Animals." "While I have no hesitation about relating instances bearing on this statement, I prefer to tell of occurrences which indicate no actual reasoning power in the animal.

"It is customary in the settlements to water the cattle from large wooden buckets filled with water pumped from a well. This is done that they may not drink the water of the reservoir, which is stagnant and unwholesome. Ordinarily the pumping is done at early morning by one of the elephants, the work taking nearly an hour. Accustomed to the task, he does not wait to be ordered, and every morning, an hour before sunrise, he is at his labor with the precision of a living alarm-clock.

"I was staying once at Trichinopoly, at the house of a friend of mine, a merchant, who owned a grand villa a few leagues outside the city. The sun was rising, and my servant had just awakened me for my bath. Passing through the yard I saw a large white elephant working at the pump. He closed his eyes sadly, and was apparently trying to turn his thoughts from his wearisome labor. He saluted my presence with a joyful flapping of his ears, for during the two days since my arrival I had given him many dainties, but he did not cease from his work, which had to be finished.

"I was stroking him with my hand in passing, when I noticed that one of the two planks which supported the bucket on either side had fallen away. It thus happened that the bucket, being upheld on one side only, spilled its contents, without a possibility of being filled.

"The elephant did not think that his work was ended because one side of the bucket was filled; nor did he attempt the impossible feat of trying to fill the other side until both sides were even. In a few minutes the water commenced to run from the lower side of the bucket, and the animal began to show signs of uneasiness; nevertheless, he continued to pump. Soon, however, he dropped the handle, and drew nearer to observe the cause of the trouble. He returned to the pump three times, each time coming back to examine the bucket. I awaited the end of this strange scene with unflagging interest. All at once a waving of the ears seemed to indicate that an idea had occurred to him.

"He came over to lift up the plank that had fallen away, and for a moment I thought that he intended to put it back in its place under the lower side of the bucket. But he was not troubled about the lower side, which was already filled with water; it was the other side which annoyed him. Lifting the bucket carefully, he supported it for a moment with one of his great feet, while with his trunk he pulled out the second plank and placed the bucket on solid earth, thus making it even on all sides. This done, the labor of filling it was easy.

"The elephant is much attached to the women and children in the villages, and it would be dangerous for a stranger to make even an unfriendly gesture in the presence of this animal.

"It is a remarkable sight to see him guard his master's children in their promenades; he watches every thing; beasts, serpents, turpits and swamps, in fact, any danger which may be imagined is overcome by his presence. His pace is regulated by that of the children, and he attends them, gathering flowers, fruit from the trees and sugar canes; at a motion from one of them he will break a tree branch if one desires to make a whip or cane. At the slightest noise which he does not understand, if he sees a jackal or hyena in the distance, thickets, he instantly gathers his brood under his trunk, commences to roar with rage, and any lion, tiger or man, which threatens harm to his charges, is in danger of being dashed to the ground.

"In the lowlands of the Ganges, a swampy country covered with jungles and rice fields, the royal Bengal tiger is found of great size and ferocity. The combat between this terrible beast and the elephant, guarding the cattle, servants or children of his master, are of almost daily occurrence. The royal Bengal tiger is so fierce that he never refuses to fight his adversary, although the end of the combat generally finds him crushed to death under the feet of his terrible enemy. In spite of the fact that the elephant is an unquitting foe in his battles with the tiger, bear or rhinoceros, he never molests the smaller, inoffensive animals. No matter what power a keeper may have over him, it is impossible to make him crush an insect.

"There is a little insect which children in France call 'les betes bon Dieu.' The same insect is found in India, but growing to a size twice as large as in France. I have often seen one of these little creatures placed on a level surface, in the troughs of a yard, for instance. I have seen the elephant ordered to crush the insect, but never, for master or driver, would he lift his foot above it in passing by, evidently avoiding any opportunity to do harm. If, on the contrary, he is commanded to bring it to you, he will pick it up delicately with his trunk and place it in your hands without bruising its wings."

The Climate of Asia.

"According to the North China Herald the climate in East and West Asia is becoming colder. That of China in particular is growing not only colder, but drier. Animals and plants used to hot, moist regions are gradually retreating southward. Two thousand years ago the bamboo flourished in the forests of North China, but it does not now, and at Peking it is only cultivated under shelter and in favorable localities as a kind of garden plant.

STOCKINET CLOTH.

The Difference Between Knit and Woven Goods.

Strictly speaking, stockinet is not a cloth, for it is not woven fabric, but a knitted texture. "By a process of knitting, and not by weaving, the individual threads of which a stockinet fabric is composed, are, says the Dry-Goods Chronicle, interlaced into one regular texture. The work is performed in a kind of a frame or loom, in which the yarns are arranged in parallel order, at uniform distances apart, as in ordinary weaving. Of course, the machine is automatic in its movements and capable of producing a great length of cloth in a very short time. The fabric thus formed is ornamented with a fine ribbed pattern, similar in character to that seen in common knit goods. This article generally handles soft, full and elastic, but lacks those valuable characteristics of strength and firmness of texture or make which obtain in a woven cloth proper."

The difference between the structure of this fabric and that resulting from weaving warp and weft yarns together may be illustrated as follows: Take a sample of stockinet cloth and try to withdraw a thread and what is the result? The whole construction is unraveled. Next submit a loom product to a similar examination and it will be found that if a longitudinal or warp thread is removed the transverse or weft thread will remain, while, on the other hand, if the latter are withdrawn the warp threads will, although the texture may be partly destroyed, still remain, to a certain extent, undisturbed. Again, the manner in which a knitted fabric is constructed limits the designer to one class of weave effects—these being of a stockinet character—whereas the principles of weaving are of such a description as to admit of unlimited change or variation in design.

AN EXPENSIVE MISS.

What It Costs to Keep One Little New York Girl.

Here are some figures regarding the cost of a little girl of fourteen for the past year, says the New York World. She is the only daughter of a teller in a New York bank. The family lives in a private boarding-house, and the ambition of her parents is to make the child a bright, sweet, sensible woman. Her wardrobe costs \$215 a year, including laundry.

She attends school up-town where she pays \$850 a year. Last season she was sent to dancing school at an expense of \$60. For this accomplishment she needed a special supply of slippers, four little dancing frocks, a long, quilted ulster and fifteen yards of sash-gibbon, for which a bill of \$71 was presented.

During the summer she learned to swim, and the cost of her bathing suit and the services of the bathing master amounted to \$18. Her board for the entire year cost \$850. Here are some trifles, as the mother calls them, copied from the little girl's expense account:

One pug dog, \$5; eight silver bracelets, \$15; one doll, \$3; one doll's carriage, \$2.60; to mend, three days' service, \$4.50; hospital attendance for dog, \$7; burial of same, \$1.75; one gold ring, \$3.50; rent of tricycle, \$3.85; medical treatment, \$35; gifts for relatives, \$7; monkey muf and cape, \$97; gum, ice-cream, soda-water tripod, \$34; tennis racket, \$2.50; opera glass, \$5; silver watch, \$6; treatment for stuttering, \$60. Making the annual cost of this sweet little tyrant, \$1,811.70.

MARBLE CANYON.

A River Whose Bed Is Three Thousand Feet Below the Plain.

We took our march for the Colorado river at Lee's Ferry, so named from John D. Lee, one of the destroying angels executed by the United States for complicity in the Mountain Meadow massacre. Here we saw the most remarkable river in the world, writes a correspondent in the Indianapolis Sentinel. Imagine yourself upon a broad, white plain; you can hear a dull, distant roar; you can see nothing save the mountains and the waving grass; you go on and the noise gets more distinct, until you can hear it apparently beneath your feet.

All at once you see a few feet from you a fissure, which at first glance looks to be scarcely twenty feet wide. You cautiously crawl up and look down, down for three thousand feet. There is the river, a white torrent, surging against its perpendicular marble sides. You wonder, having walked to within fifty feet of that chasm without seeing it. You look at it flowing, and trace its course directly towards those mountains, yet they do not stop it; it goes through them, separating the Buddin from the San Francisco range, and the small dividing line looks like the cut of a knife from the top to the bottom. Here is where the canyon reaches its greatest depth, being a little over a mile from the top to the water.

THE ONLY ONE LIVING.

A Man Who Once Struck the Prince of Wales.

Pittsburgh boasts of a man who slapped the Prince of Wales in the face, says the South Side News. He lives on the South side, and for many years has worked for the Monongahela Water Company as a laboring boy. The circumstances of the adventure, as told by himself, are as follows:

"In my early life I was a soldier in the British army, and once my regiment was reviewed by Queen Victoria, who held by the hand the youthful Prince of Wales. When the mother's back was turned the boy playfully expectorated on my red-coat, and I resented the insult to the British flag by slapping him in the face with my open palm. He told his mother, and very soon the Colonel heard of it and came dancing along to wreak vengeance on the man who dare lift his hand to a son of the Queen.

"The Queen sought me out and graciously inquired what my name was. 'William Dickson, sergeant, your Majesty,' said I, and she commended my sense of propriety in administering a timely rebuke to the heir apparent of the English throne, and recommended me for the promotion which never came."

FESTIVE FIGAROS.

Hair-Dressing in View of the Public for Prices.

The Wild Scene Witnessed at a Frenzied Exhibition in Paris—A Tremendous Row Caused by One of the Leading Competitors.

Before twenty-seven looking-glasses sat twenty-seven disheveled maidens, the glories of their toilets veiled by the familiar striped wrappers of the hair-dresser's saloon, surrounded by hairpins, bandeaux, and—but why expose the secrets of the toilet? Enough to say that all was there necessary to the erection of a fashionable coiffure. Behind each stood a Figaro, expectant, tall-comb in hand, his snowy shirt-front and resplendent studs carefully protected by a silken kerchief, now exclaiming value steps to the preliminary grains of the band, now combing the tresses before him to the same accompaniment. This odd scene, says a Paris letter in the New York Sun, was at the ball of the Society of Progress in Hairdressing, and it was the object of a prize competition. The signal is given. With lightning fingers the competitors proceed to work. In a trice fringes that lately hung dank and straight assume a puffy appearance. The spectator can not fail to note the careful powdering of the model's face, for the electric light is trying, and observe how speedily a twist here, a curl there, and half a dozen skillfully placed pins add to feminine charms. It is all very serious. The "subjects" are models of gravity. Messrs. Louis, and Auguste, and Jacques, and Hippolyte indulge only in the facial contortions peculiar to their trade. Their young ladies and professional friends solemnly promenade to the music and await results with palpitating hearts.

"Gentlemen, the combs to the post-oh," cries the president.

With a last pat here, a final fingering of the frizzes, and a farewell adjustment of feathers and flowers, the competitors whisk off the wrappers and the twenty-seven ball-gowned young ladies are revealed to us in all the glory of their elaborate coiffures.

"Gentlemen of the jury, will you do your duty?" is the stentorian command.

It sounds as if they were trying a murder case. Ah! the solemnity of the moment! There is no conversation, the music ceases, the excitement of the festive Figaros is alone manifested in their elevated eyebrows, uplifted shoulders and fierce mustache ends, working like the antennae of the lobster. The prize is only to him who shall obtain seven votes. But, alas and alack! no one gains this number. No. 33 gets six, No. 1 gets three; the remaining four are frittered away between other competitors. Again and again the gentlemen of the jury "do your duty," and just as twenty-three seems to have grasped the golden cord of honor a wild crowd noise hold of a diminutive, black-bearded individual, with a tall-comb protruding from his pocket, uplift his shoulder high, and No. 1, it is realized, is, after all, the lucky man.

Then a tremendous row ensues. The second prize has been handed to 33, but, with flashing eyes and a face whiter than shaving lather, he dashes it tragically to the floor, and with half-smothered yell, like a tiger balked of its prey, rushes at the unfortunate lady, whose tresses have served him in such good stead, and in another moment reduces the coiffure he has erected to ruin. A confused mass of hairpins, "switches," martens curls, and an asprey alone remains of what was once so dear. To a man the festive Figaros pursue the baffled barber round the saloon, and, with groans and hisses, expel him from the scene. The honor of the society has been outraged. A competitor and fellow-craftsman has made a sad exhibition of jealous rage and disappointment, and insulted the society.

Meanwhile, hairpins and looking-glasses have been swept away, the floor is cleared, and the Gallic hair-dresser sadly does not take his pleasures seriously, for in the refreshment room where bottled stout and cigarettes appear to be most in request, the friends of luckless No. 23 and the successful No. 1 exhaust themselves in gesticulations and arguments, while the paucity of the funeral black-edged programmes lashed many into exhibitions of fury which frequently threaten to develop into pugilistic interludes. As the writer depicts a procession of ladies, who have been brought with hair already dressed in various historical and fashionable styles, is in course of formation, and suggests the idea that the revolving waxen dummies have escaped from the various hair-dressers' windows to take part in the revels. But the last impression of the "Grand Concours International et Bal" is of a haggard, flustered apparition, hugging a brush and comb, a card-board box and a striped wrapper, and peering through the wing doors with wild eyes at the revels within. It was the fallen angel hovering around the gates of Paradise, the asplend No. 23.

As Humiliated Victim.

A traveler in Morocco tells, in "The Land of an African Sultan," the following story: "The Sultan, not long ago, discovered that one of his viziers was becoming too powerful. He therefore summoned him to tea, and complimented him on his great wealth. The vizier, becoming vain, boasted of the number of his houses, horses, wives, and slaves, and the Sultan rebuked him, saying that he was too rich and thought too much of himself. To show the man exactly what he was worth, his Majesty had him taken by soldiers to the slave-market, where he was put on for sale, and received only one bid of eightpence. He was then taken back to the Sultan, who said to him: 'Now you know your proper value—eightpence. Go home and ponder over it.' When the man reached home, however, he found that nearly all his property had been taken away by order of the Sultan. Only one small residence, one wife, one horse, and one slave had been left him."

AN INTELLIGENT ROOSTER.

He Is Deaf and Dumb, But Is Able to Take His Own Part.

A gentleman living on the outskirts of the city, near Black Rock, owns a curiosity the like of which Barnum never dreamed of, says the Buffalo (N. Y.) Express. It is a deaf-and-dumb rooster—a full-grown, brilliantly plumed, brown Leghorn chanticleer—that has lost his voice, can neither crow nor cluck, nor make any other audible sound with his vocal apparatus; does not wake up the neighborhood at five o'clock in the morning with an everlasting cock-a-doodle-doo; does not give an alarm of hawks every time a black cloud crosses the sun, but is still as much the lord of the chicken park as ever.

He has not always been thus. Up to the time he was eight months old he was as noisy as any young rooster need be. Then he got his head caught in a barbed-wire fence in such a way as to mangle his neck and probably tear out the vocal cords. Losing the power to make sounds, he evidently forgot how to hear them. At least now, at the age of three years, he gives no evidence of hearing. But he makes his eyes answer for ears and voice, too. If any one wanted proof that he was really deaf and dumb, those eyes would be convincing. There is nothing he does not see. When the first glow of sunrise appears he begins the duties of the day by running all the rest of the fowls in the henery in his own original way. He walks around to each one, and kicks it off its perch. There is no resisting such an invitation to get up. It's much more effective than crowing. When he gets a challenge to fight he does not stop to announce what he can do. He goes and does it. And his battles are all victorious.

The most remarkable thing about this intelligent bird, however, is the fact that, though deaf, he can distinguish between an admonition to "ahoo" and a request to come to dinner. How he does it is a mystery, but it is believed that he tells by the motions of the lips and general attitude of the person who addresses him.

A course of instruction in a deaf-and-dumb institute is all this rooster needs to learn to talk with his spurs.

THE STRUGGLE FOR WEALTH.

Money a Potential Factor in Most of the World's Misery.

What is the most active factor of evil in this country at the present time? It is not drunkenness, nor licentiousness, nor infidelity. It is not bad politics, and it is not any thing that is disreputable and under the ban. It is simply the prevailing craze for wealth, and nothing else. From childhood to old age the average man thinks of nothing but money-getting. Everybody is impatient to make a fortune in a hurry. Naturally people take what Sam Jones calls the "high cut." No man can love money and long retain a conscience and good principles.

The struggle for wealth, says the Atlanta Constitution, is ruining and killing people. During the panic the other day, a broker dropped dead in Wall street. Another broker in New York, a few days before, killed himself. It was all about a matter of money. Look at our defaulting Southern State Treasurers, Vincent, Tate, Burke and Hemingway. They are now disgraced, dead, in prison or in exile. Money was the cause. And there are worse things. Woolfolk, who died on the gallows a few days ago, murdered his whole family in the hope of getting money. And Birchall, just over the line in Canada, think of his case. A clever, well-educated young fellow, of good family, with a pretty and devoted wife. For the sake of a few hundred dollars he deceived a man into the swamp, and shot him down like a dog! All for money. Then there was Selby Jones, of Kansas City, who committed suicide the other day. He wanted to move in the best of society, and the result was a shortage in his accounts of seventy-five thousand dollars. When detection stared him in the face he took a leap in the dark. Money again. Besides these bold fellows we have a few million sneaks and robbers who keep inside of the law, and grind their fellow-men, and resort to Shylock methods to fill their pockets. When one thinks of all these things the money devil begins to loom up a very potential factor. He is the cause of most of the crime and misery of our day.

SYMPATHY FOR DESERTERS.

A Case in Which It Worked the Object Injury Rather Than Good.

Not one deserter in fifty is caught, and the unwillingness of citizens to give information that will lead to their apprehension sometimes leads to curious complications. Some years ago, says an officer in the United States service, a young graduate from West Point was sent to the West and detailed for special duty with a squad of Indian scouts. So long as he was with his party he, of course, was able to keep his bearings, but one day, returning from an expedition into the mountains, the party stopped for dinner, and after dining, he directed the Indians to go on to the post, while he would follow an hour or two later. Not accustomed to the mountains, he lost his way. The Indians came to the post without him and reported that he had not overtaken them, but as they were directed to go on they obeyed orders and did not return to search for him. A day or two passed, and as no news came of the missing officer, his friends, who esteemed him highly, sent out the Indians to trace him up and find him. They followed his trail for two hundred miles and repeatedly had news of him, as he was seen by miners and prospectors, but could get no information from them as to the direction he had taken, as he was supposed to be a deserter from the army, and no one would aid the soldiers to run him down. He was found at last, after over a week's wandering, almost dead and out of his head with hunger, thirst and exposure, all of which he owed to the general sympathy for deserters, for had the civilians aided the scouts he might have been overtaken in a few hours.

FINGERS OF STEEL.

They Are to Supplant Those of the Negro in Picking Cotton.

The essential feature is three hundred and thirty fingers or spindles projecting through and from a hollow cylinder. These fingers, says the New York Sun, are ten inches long, and have at the end a brush or tip of fine wire, and set in four grooves radially is horse hair, clipped so it projects from the fingers about one-twelfth of an inch, the tip and the hairs on the side being the means of getting the cotton from the bolls. The fingers or spindles are given a whirling motion by a system of cog gear inclosed within the cylinder. Moving forward, the cylinder revolves, the fingers come in contact with the cotton, the whirling motion of the fingers entangles the cotton lint and it is picked, then carried upwards and backwards until cleaned from the fingers by brushes, and thrown into receptacles holding sixty pounds of seed cotton.

The revolutions are so timed that the fingers which project at the spokes of a wheel strike the plant without a raking motion, for that would damage the plant. No injury comes to the leaf and boll from running the machine over the plant.

With a width of four feet, length seven feet and height of five and one-half feet, the machine, complete, weighs about twelve hundred pounds, and is of easy draught for two mules.

In the morning when the cotton was slightly damp, a gathering from one row made by the machine weighed a little more than thirty pounds; the waste, knocked on the ground by the machine, was picked up by hand and weighed five ounces. In the afternoon, with the cotton perfectly dry, the cotton picked weighed over twenty-eight pounds, and the waste picked up weighed nearly three and one-half pounds.

The time made was about five pounds a minute or three hundred pounds an hour. Allowing time, liberally, for emptying the receptacles, stopping for repairs, meals, and so on, the machine could easily work ten hours a day and would gather three thousand pounds at a total expense of not more than three dollars per day, making the total cost of the picking for each bale one dollar and fifty cents. At present prices the cost is fully sixteen dollars.

DESIRABLE SERVANTS.

Those with Afflictions Are the Most Tractable.

A lot of women were discussing the servant problem, says the New York Epoch, and one clever woman put forward an entirely new idea as the desirable requirements for a servant. "I have grown modest in late years," she said. "I no longer demand, as I used to, that my cook shall know how to cook, or that my waitress shall understand sewing—not at all. The one demand I do make in the servant who comes to me is that she shall have a grief. I advertise: 'Wanted, a cook with a grief—serviceable and warranted to last.' There's nothing that will make a woman so tractable and teachable as a grief. And, you see, a woman with an affliction doesn't want to be off nights like gay-hearted girls. She stays at home and nurses her sorrow and thinks up little things to do about the house meantime. Such a woman will accomplish a great amount of work. What kind of grief do I find most serviceable? A disappointment in love, if I treat it with deep consideration and respect, will last the longest—longer even than mourning for a dead husband. For widows, you know, are much like babies—they cry a good deal the first six months, then they begin to take notice, and they're very hard to bring through the second summer."

KANGAROOS FOR AMERICA.

A Project on Foot to Raise Them in This Country.

We are assured on what seems good authority, says the Helena (Mont.) Gazette, that the project of importing kangaroos into this country is seriously entertained by several enthusiastic and wealthy sportsmen of the West. The animals have been successfully acclimated in England and France, and we are assured that there is no reason why they should not thrive here. The practical extinction of the buffalo has left the plains without any big game of importance, and experienced sportsmen declare that hunting the kangaroo, as practiced in Australia, is second in excitement and interest only to killing the buffalo. The scheme is not without commercial importance. Kangaroo leather is a very valuable product and the animals breed rapidly. The promoters hope to be privileged to introduce the new game at the beginning of the warm season in the Yellowstone park, and so insure them for a few years' Government protection and immunity from senseless sportsmen.

Honey Bees Against Pigeons.

A novel contest of speed recently took place at Humme, in Westphalia, pigeons and honey-bees being the contestants. The race was made on a wager that a dozen honey-bees liberated three miles from their hive would reach it in better time than a dozen pigeons would reach their cote from the same distance. The bees and pigeons were given wing at a village three miles from Humme. The first bee finished a quarter of a minute before the first pigeon, and three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon. The other contestants "finished in a bunch" a moment later.

Marriage in the Orange Free State.

According to the Natal Mercury there is a traffic in bridal parties to and from across the romantic Orange river, and many boatmen reap riches. A man in the colony on one side of the Orange may not marry his deceased wife's sister. He may in the Orange Free State. In the Free State a man may not marry his cousin. He may in the colony. Hence, in the former case, all the men have to do is to cross the Orange river, where they can get married. In the latter case the cousins just cross the Orange river into the colony, where they can make themselves happy or miserable for life.

THE TRAINING OF GIRLS.

They Are Endowed in Knowledge of Every-Day Affairs.

One very serious deficiency in the education of the average girl is her ignorance of the ordinary affairs of life. Nearly every man, whatever his profession, has a general knowledge of these things; he knows how the new building goes up, understands the principle of the steam engine, can tell why cranes are rotated or explain the construction of a suspension bridge. As a result, he finds everywhere suggestions for thought, and his sympathies trained in many directions. This is because, when he was an intelligent boy, his attention was continually called to these things—a course of action which would never have been thought of had he been merely an intelligent girl. There is a feeling that all this kind of information is superfluous, if not positively out of place, in the training of young girls; so they grow up with their fields of observation and reading narrowed to a minimum, says a writer in Kate Field's Washington. On account of these lesser ignorances they find themselves surrounded by a world full of mysteries, of which the least un-intelligible are clothes and servants. Is it any wonder that they fall back persistently upon the few concrete interests which seem to be within reach of their understanding?

There was a little flurry of discussion not long ago about "Why women read novels." Well, they read them for the same reason that men do, because novels are the best expression of the quality of modern life; and they read more of them than most men can, because they have more leisure. For exactly the same cause women read more poetry and more metaphysics than their husbands and brothers. The reason they do not read so many newspapers and serious periodicals is that they find them full of stumbling blocks, on account of the narrow limits of their education in practical affairs. How many women understand any thing about a new election law, or an improved system of drainage, or the condition of Irish politics, or the latest application of electricity? This ignorance is not the more excusable because it is shared by a great many men. It should be a part of every education, whether of girl or boy, to make a not too interesting world as amusing and suggestive as possible.

THE TIME TO RETIRE.

Regularity in the Hour to Be Observed Rather Than Earliness.

It is all nonsense about "beauty sleep" coming in the hours before midnight, and that the rosy cheeks of the country lass is the reward of retiring at the time when the proverbial pale-faced city girl's evening commences. The late hours of fashionable life would not necessarily scatter the roses from the cheeks if the late hour for retiring could be the same every night without variation. It is irregular hours and meals that cause pale and haggard faces. The handsome couple I ever saw, says a writer in the Chicago Herald, retired regularly at half past eleven, and always indulged in a light lunch just before retiring. They were both pictures of health. The lady did not look over twenty-five, though she never hesitated to say that she was thirty-eight years old, and the husband looked at least ten years younger than he really was. They were both devotees to the laws of health. For years they have allowed nothing to interfere with the regularity of sleeping and eating hours. Almost the midnight hour was chosen for retiring, because it allowed them evenings at the theater and an hour or so at even the most fashionable receptions. When alone in their home they never indulged in an earlier hour, because then it unfitted them for entertainment of which they were very fond.

NAPOLEON'S ENEMY.

The Woman Whom the Emperor Most Hated.

The woman whom the Emperor Napoleon III. hated most on earth has just died, says the Boston Herald. During the brilliant days that followed the coup d'etat, Napoleon made countless efforts to live on good terms with the old nobility. There was no limit to the bribery, cajolery and even threats to which he resorted in order to induce them to frequent his brand-new court. The Marquise de Castellane, whose death is just announced, took the lead in bidding him defiance. She not only refused to go to court, herself, but she cut any of her acquaintances whom she knew to meet with favor there, and as her salon was the most charming in Paris, the chance of being excluded from it was not to be lightly neglected. The Marquise was a grand niece of Talleyrand, and it was through her influence that the great diplomat signed an act of retraction and became seconded to the church of Rome. For some years she lived in retirement, but in earlier days she was one of the most brilliant and powerful of the grandes dames of Paris.

The Key-Chain Fad.

An Eastern fashion paper—the very highest authority upon such matters—says that key-chains are entirely out of fashion, and that only waiters in restaurants wear them. There are a few of them left in Kansas City, however. I saw a man with one of them on the other day, says a writer in the Kansas City Times. He sat down to his desk and unlocked it, leaving the key in the lock. He is a busy man, and is also rather absent-minded. The key ring was fastened to the back of his trousers tight enough for a trace-chain. The key-chain was stowily built. In a few minutes he jumped up in a hurry and started somewhere. I heard a desk rattle, a chair upset, papers rustle, a chain snap, keys fly about on the floor and two or three rather fiercely muttered oaths. And then the man performed a war dance on the chain. He threw it out of the office; he reviled the man who gave it to him; he prayed for total blindness on the man who had invented key-chains, and I heard him say: "By gum! That's only the fifth time this week."